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The Marseillaise Hymn

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THE
MARSEILLAISE
HYMN.

YE sons of France awake to glory,
Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and Grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?

To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath ;
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death !

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise,
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo ! our fields and cities blaze.

And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide.
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing ?

To arms, to arms, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To meet and vend the light and air !
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more ?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?

To arms, to arms, &c.

Oh Liberty ! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame,
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?

Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is their sword and shield,
Then all their arts are unavailing.

To arms, to arms, &c.



THE
HARVEST
H O M E.



London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer
and Publisher, 177, Union Street, Boro'.



OH, come let us see how your liquors be,
Fill up each glass and drink to each lass,
And gently jog her on your knee,
'Twill make her the kinder grow.
For we are the lads, with a hey-down-derry,
Drinking ale as brown as a berry,
And the good strong beer will drive dull care,
And welcome the harvest home.

Now Jack and Sue came tumbling in,
With the big brown jug so neat and trim,
And now John Barleycorn is in,
Why let us merry, merry 'e.
For we are the lads, &c.

Now Jack and Sue proposed a dance,
It was agreed upon by chance,
That they should have it on the grass,
And the fiddler should play them a tune.
And every lad took forth his lass,
And gently led her on the grass,
While around went his tail, like a windmill sail,
To welcome the harvest home.
And every lad, &c.

Now just before the dance was done,
"Thou art out," says Dick—"Thou art a
liar," says John,
"The fiddler played it wrong," says Tom,
"So we'll ha' it o'er again."
Then every lad took forth his lass,
And gently led her on the grass,
Whilst around went his tail like the windmill's
sail,
To welcome the harvest home.

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